

[Garland McAulay]

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Beliefs and customs - Occupational lore

Mrs Annie McAulay

Maverick Texas

Runnels County

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COWBOY LORE

GARLAND MCAULAY was born at Maverick Runnels County Texas, April 26, 1897. His parents, Uncle Bill McAulay and wife moved to Runnels County in 1879. They settled first on a ranch near Walthall, where they lived for several years. In 1883 they moved to Coke County at what was known, then as The Live Oak Community. In 1887 They moved to a ranch Two miles west of Maverick. Before this time Mr. McAulay had been Stockman in Coleman and Bell Counties.

Mr. McAulay says, (Garland) "My father had many trying as well as thrilling experiences as a cowman during the early days in Texas. He used to tell us boys about some of his scrapes and experiences with Indians and about some of the trips he'd made with cattle. How he almost starved to death for water, how men would have to drink from stagnant pools not fit for cattle hardly. How they spent sleepless nights on drives, watching for Indians or other thieves or to keep the herd quiet.

I can remember him telling about chasing some Indians once that were snooping around and trying to steal, so they thought, My father had a horse that could really run, and when

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he'd shoot between his ears he'd never flinch or stop his pace. He had trained him that way on purpose.

He lived in Bell County during his early days in Texas. C12 - 2/11/41 - Texas 2 He was familiar with the ways of the red man. He said the early settlers suffered many hardships beside the fear of the Indians. Most of the very early settlers were stockraisers. There were dry spells when the cattlemen would have to move his stock a hundred miles or more to find grass and water. Then later, when farms were being cultivated they had sandstorms and floods to contend with as well as drouths. Nearly all the early farms were on or near the streams.

My father lost his horse and saddle as well as his clothes he had on once in attempting to swim the Concho river on his horse during high water.

My father and oldest brother made many drives to northern markets during his day. He was range boss in his section of the country for many years. A man was as good as his word in those days. A cowmans word was never doubted until he made it so and that didn't happen very often. I remember how my father tried to instill into the minds of us boys the value of Integrity. I can remember that he was very hospitable. My parents like others never closed their doors on strangers. They lost an opportunity to help a friend or neighbor who needed it.

I was brought up on a ranch two miles west of Maverick where I was born. I began riding a horse at a very early age. I can remember the first time I really helped with cattle work. I was about ten or eleven years old. They were having a roundup a few miles south of our home. The men had rounded up a few head in a draw. My father was directing the work. He told me to stay there and hold those few until the riders returned with some more. The cattle grazed peacefully and I soon got tired of staying still. I didn't see any harm in riding off just a little ways. And so I did. But when I decided to turn back to the cattle I found I'd lost my way. I kept riding as fast as I could the way I thought was right. Finally

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I met my Uncle and he ask me where I was going, I told to where they were holding the cattle. He laughed and told me I was riding in the opposite direction. So I rode back to camp which wassix miles. I had wandered that far. I had enough cattle work for awhile butit taught me a lesson and nearly scared the stuufins [?] me. I was shore some lost chap.

I had another experience when a boy about fifteen years old. I was told to go out in the pasture and bring in a certain bull. I did and when I found the steer he didn't seem inclined to move the way I wished him to. So, I decided to throw a rope over his horns and try to lead him in.

I roped him alright, right around the neck and then I jumped clear of my horse. He was a young horse and I didn't know what he might try to do. But that old son-of-a-gun the harder the steer set back on the rope the harder he pulled until they broke the rope. I got into trouble about that too, it was my brothers and right new. I didn't want to be laughed at for failing so I rode back home got a horse I was used to riding came back and finnally drove that bull home and carralled him without anyone seeing me. I got the rope off two if I was cornered about it later.

I never rode much for anyone except my father and brother. 4 I never made any long drives or worked where there weren't any fences.

I worked on The Canadian Ranch for awhile in 1917 and '18. The work was not different from what I was used to. We branded, Rounded up and marketed in the usual way. And then we had quite a bit of fence building and repairing to do. And some trapping. We spent our eveningsplayingpoker or reading, and on payday we usually celebrated by going to town for awhile.

My father was the best rider I can remember. I could never ride like him. But I did help to break many of his horses during the later years. My father was an invalid for twenty years.

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But he was a stockman and business man to the last. He made many trades and directed his work lying on his bed.